

Norwich Bulletin and Courier

113 YEARS OLD.

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Norwich, Friday, June 18, 1909.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in New York. It is delivered to over 3,000 of the 4,653 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses. In Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.

Eastern Connecticut has forty-nine towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes.

The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1907, average.....	4,412
1908, average.....	5,920
1909, average.....	6,559
1907, average.....	7,179
1908, average.....	7,543
June 12.....	7,575

THE NEW MUNICIPAL YEAR.

Mayor Lippitt starts off his second year's service with every member of the city government true to his standard and with no chance for a division of responsibility if errors are made. The people are expecting good government, and while good promises are always pleasing they are conscious of the fact that good results are better.

Taking up an exchange from a distant city, we find the editor complaining of the inefficiency of the city government, and saying:

"This town has had plenty of official rhetoric. Fair-words are pretty things. We all like them. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in a rounded, sounding promise. But a town cannot grow on promises. Rhetoric won't help wayward bridges or cold factory chimneys, and fair words don't pave broken streets. A city administration that winds itself about with flimsy theories and spends its office hours in dreaming dreams can't do very much for the people who work and live in the town it rules."

How true this is; and, yet, it is a declaration of truth which would fit any American city occasionally. The memory of Norwich voters is good enough to recall when such a proclamation would have just killed the bill. It does not fit Norwich now, and it is not likely to under the present management. The promises and the results must be in accord and then the approval and support of the people will be assured.

THE RIGHTS OF SUSPECTS.

The cases of two women arrested in Brooklyn on suspicion of shop-lifting and who were subjected to measurement and photographing for the rogues' gallery before they had been tried, has very properly given rise to the question whether such conduct is not an invasion of the rights of the arrested parties—an unlawful proceeding from start to finish.

Until a prisoner has been found guilty he must be considered innocent and should not be subjected to indignities in the name of the law which of themselves are no less than criminal.

Judge Gaynor of New York has recently centered public attention upon these facts in the Duffy boy case, which is being discussed all over the country and will, let us hope, end an abuse that has caused more wrongs than one innocent man. At its recent session the New York legislature measurably curbed the abuse by enacting that the portrait of a man who is acquitted shall be removed from the rogues' gallery. But why should the portrait of such a one have appeared there at all? By what right do the police measure and photograph persons who are only accused of crime? And what just end is served in so doing? These questions carry with them their own answers.

It may be necessary in some cases to get photographs of prisoners to send to other police centers for identification, if possible, but if no criminal record is established against them, the pictures should not be put in the rogues' gallery. This would be just to these prisoners and there can be no good reason for doing otherwise.

WITH REFERENCE TO BARBERS.

The Hartford Courant says that one of the state house jokes for some years has been the barbers' commission. There have been other authorized bodies that did a heap less, but this one has had the knicks—possibly, in part, at least, because so many barbers have by personal canvass sought the job. As only three get it, a lot get disappointed instead. It has been proposed this year to abolish the board directly, and again to abolish it indirectly by cutting off the annual fees paid by the licensed barbers; and the subject has its final hearing this week.

This sanitary provision for the examination and regulation of the barbers' shops of the state has, as The Courant observes, improved the conditions of barbers' shops in all parts of the state, and has not cost the state treasury a penny. There is nothing to be said in condemnation of the commission which can be effective. It was needed when created and it has done creditable work, and so far as is known has been non-political and in the interests of the people. The citizens who shave in the barbers' shops of Connecticut feel more content with

a system which has the approval and supervision of the state, than with the old go-as-you-please shop of the long ago. What can be said against a legal requirement which calls for clean shops and wholesome, antiseptic shaves?

PUTTING TAX UPON WEALTH.

There is no disguising the fact that President Taft believes that the wealth of the nation can stand a larger share of the taxes without being discomfited or oppressed.

He stands for a graduated income tax and that it may be constitutional he proposes an amendment of the constitution so that it will accord with such a law, and in this he is reasonably sure of receiving the support of the people when the matter is submitted to them.

He also recommends a tax of 3 per cent. upon the net incomes of corporations, advising certain exemptions which seem to be wise and just. The "Court" is sure that for such an advantage of such a tax would be a handsome revenue, and incidentally there would be further advantages, as he wisely points out, that the result would be to let in more light on corporations, which is in accordance with the popular sentiment, and which, it may be added, strengthens them instead of weakening them.

President Taft stands pat for fair play. He would equalize the tax burdens so that the masses will not bear more than their proportional part of them.

OUR RIVERS NOT INVITING.

The catch of shad this year in Connecticut waters has been a little less than that of a year ago and there is no sign that the stocking of Connecticut waters is helping the matter at all. The fact is that shad, young or old, cannot be made to seek and return to polluted waters, and as all our streams are becoming less pure every year, the return of the shad is inevitably smaller. A shad is a discriminating fish, and while it may dodge nets and traps and pounds and other contrivances set to catch it, it knows when the water into which it swims is pure or polluted, and it does not return to polluted water after it has gained the experience of it.—Bridgeport Standard.

The shad return to the rivers to spawn, and the condition of the water is fatal to the fry, and as the young shad are the ones which return to the fresh water breeding grounds, the number must diminish as the years roll round. There has been a slight increase in the catch shown some years in consequence of stocking the rivers, but polluted water is not inviting to the fish and results in the shad being killed. There are, no doubt, running in the Shetucket and Thames rivers a few shad every year, but they have not been seen in paying quantities for about a quarter of a century, and are never likely to be again. Factory dyes and sewer pollution are the main causes of the shad-breeding grounds of any use.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The wireless is a joy-ride of the seas that great ships in distress are glad to meet.

The New York man who won a bet by chewing up and swallowing a beer glass lost his life.

Germany makes the man who does not report to his family once in ten years legally dead.

The Sugar trust is so sweet that it appears to be able to win its way in spite of all opposition.

Happy thought for today: The fool of yesterday is now and then discovered to be the genius of tomorrow.

The aeroplanist who can fall half a mile and not get seriously injured shows that he was destined for a sky-pilot.

The political machines that run over the people do not create the stir an automobile does, but they often do more lasting damage.

When the Norwich banner is flying which marks the place where the fireworks are to be, the day of jubilee will seem to be pretty near.

The old swimming hole usually comes into use in June; but it is not spoken of as one of June's treasures; but the boys think that it is.

Mrs. Gould should have realized that there is nothing that cannot be said of a woman in court if it has the shadow of truth in it.

The call upon the Steel trust for wire amounts to an output of 3,000 tons a day for the year. Gen. Proctor must be scouting about there.

Senator Aldrich appears to know his political combination as well as a labor leader knows his, and he finds a great use of language unnecessary.

The mystery of 1908 has disappeared and Colonel Bryan is trying to solve the political mystery that makes a protectionist of a free-trade democrat.

It was a wise man who discovered that "if you want to make life one sweet song you must have some one capable of playing the accompaniment."

The dog that is all noise, under the improved dog-law in this state can be taken out by the dog warden on complaint, and shot, regardless of the license tag.

The great circus booked for Norwich is confusing Norwich boys who are unable to hold the purse tight for anniversary use under such trying circumstances.

The woman who has to worry through life with her family on \$15 a week, does not see why Mrs. Howard Gould should have had such a fierce time on \$200 a day.

The state board of equalization finds that the current expenses for Norwich per capita is \$11.07, and of New London \$11.34. There is a difference there, fellow-citizens.

One Gettysburg Monument.

In the Citizens' cemetery of Gettysburg is a marble figure of a beautiful woman wearing a loose robe, which was erected several years ago by the Woman's Relief corps of the department of the state, as a memorial to Miss Jennie Wade. She was killed on the morning of July 3, 1863, while baking bread for the Union soldiers in a little brick house on Baltimore street, near the battlefield. She was the only citizen of Gettysburg who was killed during the battle. The house, which is a small one story structure of brick, with an attic, is now used as a museum for relics of the Gettysburg battlefield, and shows hundreds of scars from bullets and shell.—Buffalo Commercial.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY HER FEW WANTS

Bronson had advertised for a stenographer. The first applicant was a befeathered, languid-looking young thing that had just been turned out as a finished product from a business college and tagged as capable of taking dictation from Chinese characters and pounding out the alphabet on a typewriter from morning till night.

There was something about this young person that made Bronson think he wasn't going to employ her before she had said a dozen words. Still, Bronson went ahead with the arrangement. "I see your typewriter is different from the one I've been using," she remarked.

"Don't you care for this make?" "I should say not," wailed the applicant. "They had one over at the business college like that, but they said never get me to use it. I just hated it."

"Oh, well," said Bronson, "I never liked the sound of it much anyway. I tell you what we'll do—we'll shift that one over into the corner yonder out of the way and then we'll get a new one."

"Now, what about the hours? What time would you want me to come down in the morning?" inquired the young thing.

"Oh," said Bronson, "what time could you come down without inconvenience?"

"Well," she began, "you see, I live out some distance on a suburban line. Now, if I were to catch the 7 o'clock train that would get me here soon after 8 o'clock, but if I catch that train I should have to go out to my car. I suppose I'd better just take the next train. Then I could get here a little later."

"Sure," agreed Bronson. "It's a cinch you don't want to be pling out of bed at any 6 a. m. These nice spring mornings are just the time when a person likes to sleep. And, by the way, how much time do you think you need for lunch?"

"Oh, yes, about lunch. I asked mother just last evening what she thought about that. She thought at first it would be better for me to come down at noon, but then she said we live so far out that it would hardly be worth while for me to come back again in the afternoon. So mother suggested that I just go to Aunt Alice's at noon—she lives out just a little way—and I could go there and get my lunch all inside of an hour and a half or two hours."

"I ought to be satisfied with that if you are," smiled Bronson, "though I wouldn't want you to stay here in the city at noon and get a meal that wouldn't be up to the one you'd get at home. Of course, you can get your dinner at home in the evening. What time do you want to start home in the afternoon?"

"Yes, mother and I discussed that, too," she said. "Now, I could leave here as late as the 5 o'clock train. That would get me home at about 6.15. But then, you see, we always have dinner at our house promptly at 6 and I'd left her a note to get her home when the rest were half through dinner. Perhaps it would be better if I took the 4 o'clock train. I'm sure mother would rather have me start then."

"I don't see why you should wait until 4," declared Bronson. "Let's see, now," he went on, scratching his chin. "I haven't arranged with you about what days you would want to have off. Oh, yes, while I think of it, there is one thing in the way of my employing you, after all. Funny, but it's going to cut a good deal of a figure, too, I'm afraid. You see, the fact is, I should have to give you a salary."

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TORE HIS SKIN OFF

In Shreds—Itching was Intense—Sleep was Often Impossible.

CURED BY CUTICURA IN 3 WEEKS

"At first an eruption of small pustules commenced on my hands. These spread later to other parts of my body, and the itching at times was intense, so much so that I literally tore the skin off in shreds in seeking relief. The awful itching interfered with my work considerably, and also kept me awake nights. I tried several doctors and used a number of different ointments and lotions but received practically no benefit. Finally I settled down to the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, with the result that in a few days all itching had ceased and in about three weeks' time all traces of my eruption had disappeared. I have had no trouble of this kind since. H. A. Rutledge, 3714 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., November 18 and 25, 1907." *Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Preps., Boston.*

nimble, is growing restive at the dilatoriness of the house, and talks of declaring itself in recess as a broad hint to the other party to hurry up. The said other party is doubtless willing enough to go ahead, but it is bogged in its self-made mud, and has the leadership over—Stamford Advocate.

PERSONS TALKED ABOUT

Northwestern university has received from N. W. Hart, one of its trustees, the offer of a gift of \$155,000, upon condition that an endowment fund of \$1,000,000 be raised during the year.

Maeterlinck is now living and working in a picturesque old abbey midway between Rouen and Havre. He has been writing a new drama, and he is always, as he says, writing a new book.

Fred D. Countess, the new president of the Chicago stock exchange, is one of the youngest presidents the organization ever had. He is a member of the firm of S. B. Chapin & Co. and began his business career as a messenger in the Merchants National bank. He is only 27 years old.

Rev. R. F. Horton of London, Eng., a Congregationalist leader of eminence, after recent attendance on an American theological seminary's 75th anniversary celebration, at which there were twenty addresses—formal and informal—remarked that what amazed him most was "the American endurance of speech."

A vigorous young old man is ex-Chief Judge Charles Andrews of the New York state court of appeals. At his home in Syracuse, he recently celebrated the 82d anniversary of his birth.

Not Big Enough.

While ex-President Roosevelt was on his famous Louisiana bear hunting trip he was not so incognito as a man's cabin and saw two fine hounds.

Mr. Roosevelt made several offers for the hounds, but the old man shook his head. "If you knew who I am you would sell me those dogs."

"Sell you those hound dogs if I were known to long as the president of the man—Who is he, anyhow?"

"I am President Roosevelt," was the reply.

The old man looked at him a moment, and then said:

"See here, I wouldn't care if you were Bookah T. Washington—you couldn't get dem dogs."—Home Companion.

Didn't Believe in Satan.

Dr. Judson Swift, the secretary of the American Tract society, said on a recent warm afternoon in New York:

"Our army of collectors will soon be taking their vacations. They will return to work refreshed. They will labor with increased zeal. I am a believer in the vacation."

"And I have no patience with those who say to the vacationist—as the old lady said to her pastor, 'he set out for a fortnight in the mountains: 'Satan never takes a vacation. Mr. Steenshield."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Jones," the pastor answered, "I never did believe in Satan."

The Slow Assembly.

They are realizing a difficulty in the lower body of the state legislature that could have been foreseen at the beginning of the session. It is now well into June, and there is a glut of proposed measures on hand—much of it special legislation about petty matters—while at the same time the work of the session moves forward at a snail's pace. It looks as if a length for a session is to be made this year. The senate which, being a smaller body, is naturally enough more

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\$15.00 SUITS now \$12.00

\$18.00 SUITS now \$14.40

\$20.00 SUITS now \$16.00

\$22.50 SUITS now \$18.00

\$25.00 SUITS now \$20.00

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Now is the time to buy your Straw Hat and enjoy its comforts during the long hot season. Our stock is large and embraces every new style and braid popular this season.

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.</